

take a row on the lake every night with Maurice, Lord Byron's celebrated boatman. Maurice is very handsome and very vain, but he has been made so by the English, of whom he is the regular pet. He talks of nothing but Lord Byron, particularly if you shew the least interest in the subject. He told me that in the night of the famous storm described in the third Canto of G[hilde] H[arold], had they been out five minutes more the boat must have been wrecked. He told Lord Byron at first of the danger of such a night voyage, and the only answer which B. made was stripping quite naked and folding round him a great *robe de cjiambre*, so that in case of wreck he was ready prepared to swihn immediately. Lord B., he assures me, was out all night without even stockings, and up most of the night to his knees in water. I asked him if he spoke. He said that he seldom conversed with him or any one at any time, but that this night he (Maurice) was so employed in managing the boat and sail, &c., that conversation would have been quite impossible.

One day Byron sent for him and, sitting down in the boat, he put a pistol on each side (which was his invariable practice) and then gave him 300 napoleons, ordering him to row to Chillon. He then had two torches lighted in the dungeon and wrote for two hours and a half. On coining out, the *gendarme* who guarded the castle humbly asked for *quelque chose & boire*. 'Give him a napoleon,' said his Lordship. ' *De trop, milor,*' said Maurice, who being but recently installed in his stewardship was somewhat mindful of his master's interest. 'Do you know who I am?' rejoined the master, 'Give it to him and tell him that the donor is Lord Byron!' This wonderful piece of information must have produced a great effect on the poor miserable tippling *gendarme*. But in the slightest things was BJTOU, by Maurice's account, most ludicrously ostentatious. He gave him one day five napoleons for a swimming race across the lake. At the sight of the club foot Maurice thought he was sure to win, but his Lordship gained by five minutes. Byron, he says, was not a quick swimmer, but he was never exhausted, by which means he generally won when the distance was great. One morning Maurice called for him very early to swim. Byron brought to the boat his breakfast, consisting of cold duck, &c., and three or four bottles of wine. He scarcely eat anything, but drank all the wine, and then amused himself, while they were sailing to the appointed place, by throwing the provisions gradually into the water. Upon this honest Maurice gently hinted that he had not himself breakfasted, and that he should swim much better if he had some portion